

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 55,

MARCH, 1883.

No. 3.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Upon this subject, Mr. E. V. SMALLEY has an interesting and instructive article in the February *Century*, from which we make the following extract:—

The Oregon Metropolis.

“Portland has a population of about 25,000, and is growing rapidly. It has grown rich by handling and shipping the wheat of the Willamette Valley and the upper Columbia country and selling goods to the farmers of the interior. It has none of the look of a raw western town. The business streets are well built with brick, the residence streets are handsomely shaded, and bordered by pretty white and cream-colored houses, each with its lawn, rose-bushes and flower-beds. The streets running back from the water-front climb a gentle slope to a dense, dark forest. Ships with foreign flags, lie in the stream, and white, river steamers come and go. The town has large school-houses, fine churches, gas and water works, street-railways, a theater, a club, spacious stores,

well-filled with all goods that appeal to the fancy of women in the East,—in short, the attractions and comfort to be found in Eastern cities. It has also a stable, intelligent population, largely of the New England and Middle State elements. Portland, sitting at the gateway of the rich Willamette Valley and controlling the transportation lines leading up and down the Columbia River, has got beyond the stage of experiment.

The Puget Sound Towns.

“Between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, a distance of about one hundred miles, the country is all forest, save where a few settlements have been made along the Cowlitz River, or on spots of prairie land left open by nature. The shores of the Sound, too, are one enormous and almost unbroken forest, notched here

and there on the water-front by clearings for logging camps and saw-mill villages. The towns are few and far between, and are encircled not by belts of cultivated fields, but by the dim aisles of the primeval woods. Lumbering is the chief industry, and an immense industry it is, counting its annual product by hundreds of millions of feet, sending building material to South America, China and Australia, as well as to the whole California coast, and furnishing masts and spars to the navies of the world.

"Seattle is the chief Sound port. It has about 8,000 inhabitants, and besides its big saw-mills enjoys the profits of the coal business from the neighboring mines, and of a trade with the little lumbering hamlets up and down the Sound, on its numerous bays, coves and straits. Big hotels, bustling business streets, two-story coal-wharves and a young university are among the features of this thriving, ambitious place.

"Tacoma, on Commencement Bay, is the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of its branch to the Wilkeson coal fields, which is eventually to climb over the Cascade Mountains. It has perhaps 3,000 inhabitants. From the plateau on which it stands there is an inspiring view of the dark green base and dazzling snowy summit of Mount Rainier,

the noblest of the white giants of the Cascade Range,—a grander mountain than Mount Blanc, and though a thousand feet lower, apparently more lofty because it is seen from the sea level towering up into the sky, individual and alone. Its Indian name is Mount Tacoma, and so it should be called instead of after an English admiral who never saw it.

"Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a pretty village, embowered in fruit trees, with 2,500 inhabitants, a branch railroad and a steam-boat that runs to Seattle and Tacoma. There is some farming country back of the place, and a good water-power close by.

"Port Townsend, at the entrance to the Sound, looks down on the green water from a high plateau. There is a lower town by the wharves connected with the upper one by a long flight of wooden stairs. The population is about the same as that of Olympia. The custom-house is here for all the Sound ports, and it is in some sort a supply station for shipping. The other Sound towns are inconsiderable settlements depending on big saw-mills for their existence, or on rather feeble agricultural settlements on tidal flats redeemed by dikes, or in the narrow bottoms of the little rivers that are fed by the melting snows of the mountains."

Our seamen's chaplain at Portland is the Rev. R. S. STUBBS, whose indefatigable labors have accomplished wonders for the sailor in that important port, and have shown him to be eminently fitted for his responsible position. He has wrought a great work and has a great work before him.

Our Trustees have recently undertaken the extension of the Society's work on Puget Sound, making an appropriation both for Seattle and the Tacomas, and will wait the commercial developement of that marvellous section, ever ready to "enter in."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

A HOME FOR AGED MARINERS.

"The opening of an institution for the benefit of the aged mariners of Liverpool, England, is one of the events of the closing year. It is located at Egremont, Chester, within the port of Liverpool, by the water side, and is called "The Liverpool Home for aged and worn-out seamen and their families."

It is under the auspices of the President and Council of the Mercantile Marine Service Association.

"It is pleasing to know that while many bad men on this side the Atlantic are treating our sailors like white slaves, holding them for blood-money, and disposing of them to the highest bidder, good men, on both sides, are devising liberal things for their comfort in old age, and for their eternal welfare.

"The charity referred to has a central Home, corresponding in some points with our Sailors' Snug Harbor. It is capable of accommodating 100 inmates, and is designed for unmarried men and widowers. This building is the gift of a Mr. WM. CLIFF, a Liverpool merchant and ship-owner, who erected it as a memorial to a beloved daughter, deceased. It differs from the Snug Harbor in that it provides also cottage homes for those who have families, and require the quiet and comfort of home in which their wives or suitable relatives may live with them. In these, house, fire, gas, water, and taxes are free, the occupants having liberty to engage in watching or any other suitable employment. Provision is also made, by out-pensions, for men, and casual relief for widows. This feature is

intended to meet the wants of mariners, who, having a small income which is not sufficient to keep them above want, may have their little supplemented so that they need not be separated from their families.

"This institution is limited in the range of its beneficence, being only intended for "the aged mariners of Liverpool." It is not endowed but depends for its support on voluntary contributions. In these particulars the Snug Harbor has the advantage in that it opens its doors to men of all nations who have served five years under the American flag, either in the naval or mercantile marine.

"The inauguration ceremonies took place on Saturday, Dec. 16th, 1882, the Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. WM. RADCLIFFE, presiding. The Duke of Edinburgh, the popular sailor prince, manifested his interest in the matter by being present and formally opening the doors of the Home for the admission of its beneficiaries. In reply to the Mayor's address of welcome the Prince responded:—"As a naval officer I heartily rejoice with you in the completion of these most valuable homes, in which old and disabled mariners and their families may find a haven of refuge. I cannot too strongly express my sense of the enlightened liberality of those to whom they owe their existence, and who have conferred so great a boon upon a class than which none is more deserving of the sympathy and support of the country." Royal sentiments! and royally spoken! Would that some of our own merchant princes, who must necessarily leave their wealth behind them, would emulate the

example of this generous merchant and ship owner and consecrate some portion of their gains, while they yet live, to some such useful and benevolent purpose.

"The endowment of such an institution for any suffering class of our fellow men would make fragrant for all coming time a name which otherwise might be remembered only in connection with some gigantic business arrangement, and die forgotten as soon as the wealth accumulated by industry and thrift has been dissipated by unworthy heirs in prodigality and waste.

C. J. J."

New York, February, 1883.

Uncle John's Soliloquy.

"Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I only gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars,—why it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord! I am so glad Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it 'a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited.' He asked us to try the experiment for one year,—to set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work.' I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a mean and close-fisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had

certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, \$1,200. Three dollars is one four-hundredth part of \$1,200.

"The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I: 'I am not quite ready for the Jew's one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works.' I got a big envelope, and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put the \$60 into it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done, how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions, all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's fund up to \$75; and if it don't, I will make it up from something else."

"Where Would You Light?"

Three young men going up in an elevator controlled by an elderly colored man were discussing the question of what the result would be if the elevator should fall, and one of them said:—"I don't care for myself, but I am anxious for my old friend here," alluding to the colored man, and turning to him said: "Uncle, where do you think you would alight?" The old man replied promptly:—"I would light in the arms of Jesus! Where would you light?" The young man was silenced, and left the elevator without another word.

GIVE JACK WELL VENTILATED AND COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

The U. S. House of Representatives having under consideration, Jan. 10th, 1883, the bill (H. R. 7061) to remove certain burdens on the American merchant marine, to encourage the American foreign carrying trade, and to amend the laws relating to the shipment and discharge of seamen, the Clerk read as follows:—

SEC. 12. That every vessel mentioned in the preceding section shall also be provided with a slop-chest, which shall contain a complement of clothing for the intended voyage for each seaman employed, including boots or shoes, hats or caps, under clothing and outer clothing, oiled clothing, and everything necessary for the wear of a seaman; also a full supply of tobacco and blankets. Any of the contents of the slop-chest shall be sold, from time to time, to any or every seaman applying therefor, for his own use, at a profit not exceeding 25 per cent. of the reasonable wholesale value of the same at the port at which the voyage commenced.

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—I move to amend section 12 by inserting after the words "that every vessel mentioned in the preceding section" the words "shall have, keep and maintain proper sleeping accommodations, well ventilated, warmed, and comfortable quarters for seamen, and this fact shall be stated on every inspection and clearance certificate."

This is a very important amendment for the benefit of sailors on the ocean, lakes and rivers. It is not my intention to raise a hue and cry against owners, officers, &c. They may be innocently, thoughtlessly, the direct cause of untold suffering in not furnishing the sailors and deck-hands proper, comfortable, warmed sleeping ac-

commodation—I mean a heated, dry sleeping-room. The distinction must be made, because on ocean-going vessels, no matter whether it is summer or winter, the fore-castle is usually damp, either from the character of the cargo or from the wet clothes of the sailors. To illustrate: A northerly gale springs up, and all hands are ordered aloft to furl the sails or to perform other duties incident to seafaring life. The pelting rain, hail, or snow storm drenches their clothes. No rubber or oil-skin coverings can stand those sea rains and piercing cold winds. The sailors are, as the saying is, "chilled to the marrow-bones." After may be hours of this dreadful exposure in the rigging or on deck they are ordered below. Then a warmed fore-castle and a heated stove would gladden the sailor's heart, dry his clothes, and make him forget the howling tempest and angry waves for a while. But no: the place he is to sleep and eat in is wet—yes, dripping wet, cold, dreary, and gloomy; his ship-mates soured and complaining. Then comes the bitter and despairing cry, "Give me something to warm me!" It may be the first drink. His dear mother's warning voice is hushed and forgotten.

This is not an overdrawn picture. There are gentlemen on this floor who have witnessed many scenes like this. Change the picture to our great Mississippi River. That mammoth steamer is lying at the river bank taking on a cargo of corn or cotton. The deck-hands are singing their usual songs. A storm has come on, but the deck-hand is not allowed to stop "toting the cotton or the corn."

Rain or shine, it is all the same. That commercial leviathan must not lie there on expenses. The lines are hauled on board and the boat is plowing her way on that grand old river to her destination. Where are those deck-hands who worked so hard and faithfully, breasting the storm, hurrying to get the steamer on her journey? There is no place, no room, set apart for them, no fire to warm them and dry their clothes. You will find some of them have crept under the boilers, their heads resting on a stick of cord-wood for a pillow, trying to get some sleep preparatory to being called on watch or to land at another corn-pile, to go over the same hard work until the boat is loaded. Who is at fault, who is to blame for the neglect and sufferings of those poor sailors and deck-hands for want of warmed sleeping accommodations? Congress will be to blame if it does not now insert as part of this wise shipping bill a clause giving to our country such governing laws as will from this time forward extend to hard-worked mariners simple justice.

Many have said our deck-hands out West are nearly all negroes. Yes; they are. But black-skinned labor is commercially as white as any man's, and demands the same protection.

The gentleman from California [Mr. Page] has stated that nine-tenths of our seamen are foreigners. No doubt about it. Why is it? I answer the question and challenge contradiction. The officers and owners of vessels, steamers, &c., do not give the young fishermen and coastmen the warm sleeping comforts they are entitled to; hence they will not ship with them; they seek other employment. God bless the bethel sailors' missions everywhere. Go on

with your good work of reform. But I implore you all to commence at the beginning end of the line. Hang up a motto in every mission and execute the mandate:—*"No vessel, steamer, or steamboat shall leave this port until comfortable sleeping quarters are furnished and maintained for seamen and river-men."*

Mr. Dingley.—I desire to call the attention of my friend from Missouri [Mr. McLean] to the provision of existing law upon this subject. Section 4572 of the Revised Statutes provides that "every such vessel," that is every vessel engaged in the foreign trade, "shall be provided with fuel and a safe and suitable room in which a fire can be kept for the use of seamen." I ask the gentleman how much further than this his amendment proposes to go?

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—It simply proposes to provide in this shipping bill a guarantee that every sailor shall have these accommodations for his comfort.

Mr. Dingley.—In addition to the requirements of the present law?

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—Yes, sir; because I would have this provision apply not only to vessels in the foreign trade, but to coasting vessels and to those upon our western lakes and rivers.

Mr. Dingley.—In these sections we are dealing with vessels engaged in the foreign trade; and the section of the Revised Statutes to which I have referred relates to this same subject. It seems to me that the amendment of my friend from Missouri had better be deferred until we proceed to legislate with reference to the coasting trade. The law now reaches vessels engaged in the foreign trade. I think it possible that when we come to

legislate with reference to vessels engaged in the coasting trade some additional provision of this kind may be required; but I suggest to my friend whether it would not be better to withdraw the amendment at this time, and if he thinks proper prepare an amendment specifically addressed to the coastwise trade.

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—This amendment does not conflict with

the other provisions of the bill in regard to foreign vessels; and I think it well we should in this bill take means to secure to the sailor his right to a warm fore-castle. I claim that the master or owner of the vessel is under an obligation to have men there for the purpose of keeping the place warm. I know what it is to be on board of a vessel. The sailor is told, "There is your place; go and occupy it."

CRUELITIES TO SEAMEN—FURTHER FACTS—A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

Our articles on recent cruelties to seamen have drawn out the following from our old friend, Mr. STEGNER, himself a retired sailor, whose name has often been mentioned in our pages, as a convert to Christ while employed on board a naval vessel, years since, in the harbor of Honolulu, H. I.

NORTHFIELD, Minn., Dec. 16th, 1882.

Editor of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE:—

"When I read in the *MAGAZINE* what wicked cruelties are committed on board of ships by captains and officers toward the sailors, and the sailors mutinying against their officers, I am reminded of what fell under my observation as mostly the result of whiskey. I will give you my experience.

"I enlisted in New York in July, 1847, as musician on board the U. S. man-of-war, line and battle ship *Ohio*, after she had returned from the bombardment of Vera Cruz and was preparing to go to the west coast of Mexico with Capt. STRINGHAM. We started for Rio Janeiro where we laid four months, when we were relieved and started for the west coast of Mexico. Capt. Stringham was a gentleman and a temper-

ance man, but he left us. In his place we received a certain Capt. TAYLOR and a Mr. LONG for second captain and commander. Both were very intemperate, and from the period of their arrival we had a terrible time on board. The tyrannical Capt. Long knew that the drunken Capt. Taylor had no greater enjoyment than to see men bound, stripped, and whipped, so he gave him many occasions of pleasure. Every morning at nine o'clock, when he came on deck, he was drunk and his head glowed like an oven. He searched through the ship to discover something with which to gratify his satanic desires, and he always found something to report, no matter how small and insignificant; then a list for punishment was made every day, or every second day. The fife sounded and the boatswain called out:—'All hands on deck to witness punishment.' We were so accustomed to it, that, when

it ceased, the universal inquiry was:—'What is the matter?' It was stopped in the following manner. In December we left Rio Janeiro, rounded Cape Horn and entered Valparaiso. In that place the Commodore, CATESBY JONES, with his son, a midshipman, his secretary, an old gentleman, and C. K. STRIBLING, captain of the squadron, who was a Christian and a thorough temperance man, came on board, as the Commodore's Flag-ship. It was shortly after their arrival that numerous punishments were ended. It was said among the crew that the secretary of the Commodore, who was on deck much of the time and among the sailors, saw what was going on. He reported to the Commodore, who then asked for the list of the men punished and the causes. On reading the paper, it is said, he threw it on the floor, saying if he heard any more of such punishment he would have the captains court-martialled. For the truth of this I will not vouch, but if this comes before the eyes of my old friend Capt. Stribling, whom I have cause to believe is still living, he will undoubtedly know now it was. But of one thing we were all sure, that the call, 'All hands on deck to witness punishment' was less seldom heard.

"When we started from Lower to Upper California our captain consented to carry several hundred volunteers. He required of them, according to the order of the ship, that they help keep watch with the sailors. This they refused to do. The captain called them on deck and clearly told them their circumstances; that he had taken them from kindness, not obligation, and while they were on board they must submit to the law of the ship or receive punishment. This explanation sufficed and from that time they performed their duty.

"As we were homeward bound and near Cape Horn, on account of the kindness and mildness of our captain and officers, who were good, moral men, the sailors became very negligent and careless. It having been reported to the captain he called them on deck and plainly told them that duty must be performed orderly and promptly, or they must expect punishment. The plain statement and warning produced the desired effect. This I have given to illustrate how peaceably affairs can be conducted by cool and clear-headed men. Had those captains been addicted to drinking there would have been nothing short of a rebellion on board with fearful bloodshed. C. S."

RETURN OF A VICTIM OF "SHANGHAERS."

That the infamous practice of "shanghaeing" men for sea, once largely in vogue in some of our principal U. S. seaports, still finds occasional and fearful illustration is evident from the following, which is taken from the Boston, Mass., *Herald* of January 24th, 1883:—

"The hero of the adventures recorded below arrived in this city a few days ago as a stoker on an English steamer, but his case having become known to the captain of the vessel, he was discharged here, and doubtless is now enjoying the comforts of his father's home in

Central New York. It seems that this young man graduated from a prominent law school in New York City in the fall of 1881, and with ample funds, furnished by his father, and in the company of a number of his schoolmates, who were quite willing to help him spend his money, started on an extended tour among the 'dives' that abound in the metropolis. To the best of his recollection, their tour occupied several days, and the last thing that the young man remembers of life on shore was a low resort in South St., New York, where the company was, in great part, made up of those who go down to the sea in ships. His next sensation was that of being tossed and knocked about in a small bunk in the close forecastle of some vessel. Starting to his feet and working his way slowly on deck, he found that he was indeed at sea, no land being in sight. Sick with the unusual motion of the vessel, and weak from a long debauch, he endeavored to find out where he was and how he came there. The first mate told him that he had shipped on the vessel in New York as a common seaman, and that, if they had good luck, he would find himself at Port Saïd, in Egypt, in about sixty days. He endeavored to reason with the officer; told him he was not a sailor; that he knew nothing of the sea, and that he had never voluntarily signed the vessel's papers. His protestations were of little use, however, as the bark, for such the vessel proved to be, was short-handed, and every man on board was needed to work her.

"Kowing nothing of the workings of a vessel, his position was a horrible one. The trip across proved unusually stormy, and by the time the vessel entered the

Mediterranean the abducted man was in a sorry condition. Arriving at Port Saïd, he was taken violently sick with a fever, and was placed in the hospital, whence he came forth in about a month almost a skeleton. Having no money, no friends, and not knowing what to do, he wandered about the streets of this desert city by day and at night lay in his hammock, listening to the strains of strange music as they floated from concert hall and café. Finally, driven to desperation, he managed to secure a berth as stoker on an English steamer, hoping almost against hope that something would turn up that would enable him to reach his home and friends in the United States. About this time war between England and Egypt broke out, and the steamer on which the young man was employed was engaged in transporting refugees from Alexandria and Port Saïd. Shortly afterward he was present with his vessel at the bombardment and capture of Alexandria, and, with true Western enterprise, he secured many valuable relics of that historic struggle. At the close of the war the ship was ordered to England and thence to this port, and after an enforced absence of over a year, he landed in Boston. His reception at the house of his father, who long since gave him up as lost, may well be imagined."

Life in a Lighthouse.

There are horrible stories told of former days, when, a couple of men being on duty on some isolated rock, one of them happened to die suddenly in rough weather; when the survivor, fearful of being charged with a crime, remained shut up in the closest proxim-

ity to the corpse of his comrade till the lull of the storm brought relief and the opportunity of explanation. This very week we hear of a case which might well seem incredible were it not amply authenticated. The watchmen on the Wolf Rock, opposite the Cornish coast, were cut off from all communication with their kind through the two dreariest months of the winter; and it was nearly the middle of January when relief reached them at last. Nowadays, however, the light-warders in similar circumstances invariably consist of three at the least; and both on the light-towers and in the lightships the men are surrounded by all manner of material comforts. They have rooms as snug as the limited structural arrangements will admit; they have ample rations of excellent food, nor are the needs of their minds by any means neglected. Still it must be an unnatural life at the best, and one that is perilously fitted to nourish sombre fancies. We may conceive that in the men who take most kindly to the occupation, the imagination is seldom strongly developed; but nevertheless they must be quick and intelligent. Generally speaking, it is believed some moderate amount of exercise is indispensable to preserving the balance of the bodily and mental powers; and in the dullest routine of ordinary drudgery there are usually occasional changes of scene and company. But in many a light-house the occupants are held fast by the legs, for exercise becomes something more than effort when it is reduced to practising the treadmill upon the steps of a corkscrew staircase, or to be taking half a dozen steps upon a slimy rock at low water. The crews of the light-ships are somewhat more favorably circumstanced in this

respect, since they can do their walking on a more or less roomy deck, and they enjoy, besides, a greater variety of company. But the life in both cases must be intolerably monotonous; and to a landsman there would be little to choose between the terrors of the one and the other, when the sea is wrapped in impenetrable fogs, or is lashed into fury by howling tempests. In a storm, the light-house is in reality the safer residence of the two, for, thanks to the skill of our modern engineers, it is most unlikely that another Eddystone will be swept away. Yet, as the waves rush up the sloping sides of the tower, and toss their tons of seething green water against the lower courses of masonry, seeming to shake the massive structure from the light-room to the foundation, it must need nerve and long habit to resist the belief that the violence of the elements may bring about a catastrophe. As for the lightships, being moored in shallower water, they may be less exposed to the extreme fury of the storms, though there is always a chance of their being torn from their anchorage. But, on the other hand, in even moderately bad weather, they must always be eminently disagreeable places of abode. The peculiar jerking motion, when the natural heaving of the ship is being perpetually checked by the straining cables, is said to be trying to the most seasoned of mariners, and to be one of those inconveniences to which no custom can reconcile one.—*London Saturday Review.*

BE THYSELF blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—*Quarles.*

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

When the bells rang their peal through the winterly air,
And startled the worshippers hushed as in prayer,
When the people turned gladly to friends who were near
And whispered, "God give you a happy new year!"
A fiat went forth from God's chamber of peace,
"To some there is dawning the year of release."

They knew not the sign that was put on their brow,
These happy ones soon in His presence to bow,
When the late light came in and began a new day
They saw not the messenger placed in the way:
They said, "Will the toil and the sorrow increase?"
Nor dreamed they had entered their year of release.

With courage they patiently turned to their task,
For strength, not deliverance, dared they to ask;
They sighed as they took up their burdens again
Of sorrow and weariness, sickness and pain.
Nor ventured to hope that their troubles would cease,
Or joy become theirs in this year of release.

Oh, could they but know what the new year will bring,
What glad songs of freedom and hope they would sing!
How willingly suffer and toil for awhile,
Thinking aye of their Lord and his welcoming smile;
And "the patience of hope" would grow strong and increase,
As they counted the days of their year of release.

For, ere it passed, the King's face they shall see,
And ever from sorrow and sighing be free;
The things that perplex them shall all be made plain,
And the evil of sin never touch them again,
They will gain the bright country of pleasure and peace,
Thrice happy ones living their year of release.

Who are they, thus near to the end of their way,
With sad faces meeting that wonderful day?
We know not, they know not, the Master alone
Sees who shall have rest in the joy of His throne;
We may say while our spirits grow strong in His peace,
"It may be,—it may be,—my year of release."

Let us live with that hope in our hearts day by day,
We can bear that which passes so swiftly away;
There is work yet unfinished, tasks yet to fulfil,
And lessons to learn of our Father's good will:
Let us spend, as for Him, the time shortly to cease,
And God make us meet for our year of release!

Marianne Farningham, in The Christian World.

Is It Right?

BY PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D.

Some forty-five years ago the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, then president of Amherst College, used to preach frequently in the adjoining towns. To do this he often crossed the Connecticut River on Sunday morning in a ferry-boat and returned by the same conveyance in the evening. In accordance with the pious usage of those times, he endeavored to "improve his opportunities," in imitation of Him who sat and talked by the well of Samaria. He unexpectedly met his match one morning, in the quick-witted ferry-man. "Oh, yes!" said the latter, "I want to save my soul; I believe all you say; but the fact is I have no time for such things. On week-days I have to work my farm, while the boy works the ferry, till when the nights come I am too sleepy to know whether I have a soul. Then when Sunday comes I have to be here to carry you parsons across the river. I haven't had a passenger this morning, except parsons." So in substance the story ran, as Dr. Humphrey related it to a friend. He went home and revised his observance of the Lord's Day, and the ferry-man lost a Sunday customer.

We pass on about thirty years, and a tall, grave man, over sixty years of age, whose look reminds one of "that disciple whom Jesus loved," is seen walking from the west bank of the river Schuylkill at Philadelphia, on a Sunday morning; and after preaching twice, and presiding at a third service in the evening, walking back to his country home, while horse-cars, a score or more, are passing him back and forth. The

distance is over three miles each way. It is the Rev. Albert Barnes who thus endeavors to honor his faith in the Christian Sabbath, which he devoutly believes to be violated by the running of the street-cars on that day. He has lately led his brethren and the good people of Philadelphia in a protest against the innovation, and his Sunday walks are his individual tribute to the same end.

We pass on fifteen years more. The scene is shifted, we will suppose, to an academic town, not a thousand miles from either the Connecticut or the Schuylkill River. The steam-cars run to and from the neighboring metropolis, not as frequently, but as regularly, on the Lord's Day as on any other. Conductors, brakemen, engineers, oil-men and other adjuncts of a railway train,—and we are told that a well-manned train requires the service, on the average, of about twenty men,—are employed as on a week-day. They know no difference between secular and holy time. Life to them is one long treadmill of secularities. If they should chance to be moved by a tract given to them by a Sunday traveler, to petition that their right to the Lord's Day and its refreshing liberties should be restored to them, they would probably be told that railway trains cannot run on scruples; that they require a steel conscience as well as steel rails; and that if the petitioners do not think so, their services are no longer wanted. A hundred hungry men to each one of them stand ready to take their places; wife and children at home must have bread; and if the petitioners try to reason the matter with their superiors, they probably end with pocketing their wages, and—their scruples. The train

runs as before, and twenty men have no Sabbath; and the consciences of twenty men are indurated, it may be for a life-time.

Cast off the Line.

I have seen a steamtug start its propeller, which churned the water, but the tug did not move from the wharf. A stout line still held it. As soon as that was cast off, the nimble vessel shot off into the stream.

So it is that some awakened sinners "make a start" towards a better life. But they fall back again. The reason is that they never cut loose from the sins they loved best.

A sabbath-breaker can never make one inch of progress towards Christ while he continues the desecration of God's day. If lust for gain keeps a man in dishonest practices, he must either quit his unchristian business, or abandon all hope of being saved. He must cast off the line which holds him.

That sagacious physician of souls, Dr. Nettleton, always suspected that when a sinner lingered a long time under conviction, and did not yield to Christ, there must be some special sin that held him back. He was once invited to converse with a man of wealth and culture who was under the strivings of God's Spirit. He wondered what kept the man from finding peace. But one day, while praying with him, he detected a peculiar *odor* in his breath, which revealed the secret enemy. He kindly pleaded with his friend, and told him frankly. The sin-bound man did not deny the charge; nor did he abandon the fatal practice. He drank himself into bankruptcy, into the loss of his beautiful home, and finally in-

to the gutter and the drunkard's dismal grave.

The first step in coming to Jesus is usually the quitting of a favorite error or a favorite sin. Friend, if you are yet unconverted, here is probably the secret. Jesus asks a sacrifice of what you love, and what he abhors. Will you give up your sin, or give up your soul? Will you cast off the line? If not, you will be lost. "Behold, I set before you, this day, life and death; *choose life.*"—*Bethel Flag.*

The One Name.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life! filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength! Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power,—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption,—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer! Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God: thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs

around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.

—*Rev. G. W. Bethune, D. D.*

"Christ Standing Between."

A little band of Christian sisters met together to pray, and talk of their religious life, its conflicts and its victories. All confessed that the adversary troubled them at times, and tried to mislead them by his persuasive voice, and one sister said,—“At one time I knew not what to do when Satan assailed me, but now when he troubles me, I ask my Savior to keep him from me.”

“Ah, yes,” said one, “you say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ do you not?”

“No,” she replied, “I leave that for Christ to say. I do not want Satan behind me, and I need not have him there. If he is behind Christ, I have nothing to fear. I know that He who was once tempted is willing to stand between me and the tempter. With Jesus near me I am safe.”

May some tried and tempted souls who may read this record of a Christian's conflict and speedy deliverance, be helped by it, as some of us were who listened to her words!

“Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*American Messenger.*

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY is the liberty to be Christ-like. When a man becomes the disciple of Christ, this is all the liberty he has.

Rather, let me say, he advances into a higher realm of liberty than that of the merely ethical right; into the liberty of love, and the self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness of love. Of course, there are people who shrug their shoulders at the idea of liberty to be Christ-like—that, and nothing else; the liberty not to please themselves, not to live selfish but unselfish lives; the liberty to deny themselves for the sake of others, to lay down their lives for the brethren. They do not want any such liberty as that. They will not call it liberty at all. It is not, it never can be, liberty to the natural man. He must be born into it, to the new nature, or the old new-born. To the man who has put on Christ this is the grandest liberty in earth or heaven. The one absolutely free man who ever walked the earth was Jesus of Nazareth. The truth makes other men free. He was *the* Truth and so was Freedom itself.—*New York Independent.*

WE CAN commune best with a dear one when no one else is present, so with Christ. As Macduff has beautifully said:—“A couch of sickness is often our Patmos, or the chamber of bereavement. Exiled, shut in, the Lord with us. And our Patmos, like John's exile, may be made glorious with visions of eternity, and beautiful with the presence of Jesus.”

NO FLOWER can blow in Paradise that is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted of the fruit of the tree of Calvary.—*Leigh Richmond.*

BURIAL AT SEA.

The following lines were written in 1829 by NATHANIEL H. CARTER, as he was entering the Mediterranean, on a voyage to Marseilles, undertaken in hope of benefit to his health. He was then in the last stages of consumption, and he wrote under the impression that he would not live to reach the port. He survived the voyage a few days only. (CARTER was born at Concord, Mass., September 17th, 1787, was graduated at Dartmouth College, and died at Marseilles in December, 1829.)

From his room to the deck they brought him, dressed
 For his funeral rites, at his own request,—
 With his boots and stocks and garments on,
 And nought but the breathing spirit gone;
 For he wished that a child might come and lay
 An unstartled hand upon his clay.
 Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,
 To the dead as Araby's spices sweet,
 And prepared him to seek the depths below,
 Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.
 No steeds with their nodding plumes were there,
 No sabled hearse and no coffined bier,
 To bear with pomp and parade away
 The dead to sleep with his kindred clay;
 But the little group, a silent few,
 His comrades mixed with the hardy crew,
 Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said,
 O'er the corse of the deaf, unconscious dead.
 Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
 And committed them safe to the dark blue tide.
 One sudden plunge, and the scene is o'er;
 The sea rolled on as it rolled before.—
 In that classical sea whose azure vies
 With the green of its shores and the blue of its skies,
 In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,
 Oh! the dead shall sleep as sweetly, as well,
 As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
 Where the East and the South breathe their rich perfumes;
 Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
 Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
 When the trump of the angel sounds with dread,
 And the sea, with the earth, gives up its dead.

New York Observer.

“NO MORE SEA.”

On returning from a vacation water trip in the summer of 1882, Rev. JAMES L. HILL, of the North Church, Lynn, Mass., preached a

sermon from which we make a single extract, from the text, *Rev. 21: 1*,—"And there was no more sea."

Now and then some great ocean disaster shocks the community with a shuddering story of the terrible tragedies of the sea; but, being personally unaffected in either family or estate by the sad chronicles recorded in the commercial department of our morning papers, we are likely to grow oblivious to that work of death, which is, nevertheless, steadily going onward month by month, until the mournful aggregate seems too terrible to come within the sphere of our easy credence. And yet fifty shipwrecks a week, or some serious ocean calamity every four hours of every day we ever lived, is about what this monstrous work of death will average. Having the marine disasters for the past thirty-seven years before me, I am horror struck to find that for every twelve months they average more than 2,000. What tales of Cannibalism may we not attribute to the remorseless, insatiate sea! If we but once consider all the headache and the pain of affection which it cost to give up those dear objects of love involved in these perils, with what unutterable rapture, may we believe, shall uncounted multitudes hail with blessed anticipation that revelation first published by St. John when there was "a new heaven and a new earth and there was no more sea."

I have stood with profound emotion upon Arlington Heights, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," and looking across those broad acres of billowing sod, I have included in my thought the 400,000 men who for but one cause have found a prematurely opened grave. But their

ashes are but the dust in the balance compared with all those who in the service of our world's commerce have sunk into those rapacious depths "with bubbling groan, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." And even since writing my text above, I have called, purely accidentally, upon one lady in this parish, and I found that she knew not whether to feel that her own son was numbered among the living or the dead, for he went to sea and the ship was given up for lost and she never heard of him more. Now when you know how much a mother's heart can feel and ache, vacillating thus between hope and fear, accepting now for her own boy a possible escape from the ocean's deep and dismal caverns, and now sympathizing with him, as he put on the waves for his winding sheet to lie down himself alone in the sea's dark sepulchre and await that day when the sea shall give up its dead,—then may you realize what measure of meaning is conveyed to one heart at least, by the promise blazoned upon the skies in letters of living light that when John saw the adjustments of the future world, "there was a new heaven and a new earth, and there was no more sea."

So, too, have I read, without going out of my own county, how a single ocean blow will bring widowhood and desolation to scores of wives, and poverty and anguish to hundreds of children. "In the year 1879 alone, 240 men from Gloucester were drowned; 88 women made widows, and 219 children fatherless." Within the memory of those of you in middle life, Gloucester alone has lost be-

tween 2,000 and 3,000 men at sea. And now I am speaking of the matter, do you not recall from your own memory the facts of the Anchor line steamer *Ismailia*, nine years ago, *The City of Boston*, the *Tempest*, *City of Glasgow*, the *United Kingdom*, the *President*, by a singular coincident of name commanded by the gallant Capt. Herndon, President Arthur's wife's father? They went down, those souls, together and yet alone. And I am cataloguing only regular ships whose names were in everybody's mouth. If I have now brought to your remembrance how death has "sat upon the flood," I might still keep in the path of your own recollection, and confine myself only to ships of the line, and call up the names of four that have been burned, five sunk by collisions, two by colliding with icebergs, two foundered at sea, and thirty-four others, all ships of the line, wrecked on various coasts. It is easy for us to register the regular mail steamers that have been swallowed up quick in the ocean's pit, but no way occurs to me in which I can tell the poignancy of mental anguish of those who in a tumultuous boiling sea found like Clarence,

"What pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears,
What lights and ugly death within mine eyes;
Often did I strive to yield the ghost,
But still the envious flood stopt in my soul
And would not let it forth."

One of our ministers has left on record his own shrinking and recoil from what was accepted as inevitable death. In thought he was made to part with family and city and church and work. For eighteen hours he looked death pretty steadily in the face. Death was in the room, when the sun rose; it set and left him there.

At one time, this very year, fourteen of our ocean steamers were overdue. Select one of them and infer from her experience how much may be suffered by those even who are saved. It was twenty-three hours after a heavy sea had broken over the vessel, sweeping overboard three of her crew, beside bruising and disabling many of the others, that the passengers were informed by Capt. Murray that the ship was in a perilous position, and that if anything happened to stop the working of the engine by which she was made to quarter on the waves, she would fall into the trough of the sea and instantly founder. The entire company of passengers, the narrative continues, were huddled into the saloon, as the crash was momentarily expected. The captain, of course, could not leave the bridge, blinded at times by the salt water dashed into his eyes, everything would become black as pitch before him. "The ship plunged, but she saw not the abyss into which she descended, until the hurricane squall was passed. The scene when witnessed was awfully majestic. The whole horizon was filled with floating mountains of water. On the heavings of that prodigious bulk of waters all worked up by the tempest, the ship seemed to be performing her dance of death, ere she took the final step which was to send 484 human souls to their last account. Down she would glide with a side swing, burying her bows in the very base of an advancing wave, and then, again and again during long hours she would rise slowly from this valley of death." Now in addition to the anguish of those on board this one ship in this one storm, compute, if you can, all that has been suffered by children and rela-

tives, when friends have been imperilled; and then range the southern ocean and the western and the northern, and, believe me, that the sea is not yet done with his terrible deeds; and then go on land and proceed with your appalling computation, until you have included in the frightful aggregation of suffering all those who have made shipwreck in their business, shipwreck in their reputation, in character, in family, in their prospects, in their only hope, in their homes,

—the very “image and little representation of heaven;” not forgetting as you go that if one member suffer the whole of the family suffers with it, and that it is the survivors of a shock that grieve the most and longest; and, with your painful summary done, tell me, tell me if you have not found a fresh and deep and abiding significance in that Revelation in which St. John saw there was a new heaven and a new earth and that there was no more sea.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

By the third annual report (1882,) of the Sailors' Home, we learn that the total number of men admitted for the twelve-month, was 890. Two hundred and fifteen shipwrecked sailors were provided for. Thirteen hundred and forty-five dollars was deposited in the Home Savings Bank, by the men. Of \$4,000 left temporarily in the hands of the manager, by the sailors, \$2,294 was forwarded to seamen and their families. Sobriety and self-respect among the boarders are on the increase. Correspondence between them and their families is also increasing. Stated religious services have been held under the auspices of the Christian Mission to Seamen, and have been well attended. Family prayers are observed, morning and evening.

verted from darkness to marvelous light. Sometimes we have been obliged to continue our meetings until one and two o'clock in the morning, speaking with inquirers and praying with them, and sometimes several dear souls have in one evening received peace by believing in Jesus. In the fishing place, Hoganas, two miles northwest of H., where many seafaring men are settled, two sea captains have just built a mission hall where sailors and other people now regularly hear the word of life.”

STOCKHOLM.

Writing of his labors in the fall of 1882, among fishermen and sailors, at which time, “many hungry souls received the word of God with joy,” Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG says:—“Often have I thought—‘who knows that these sailors do not cast away the books and tracts without reading, and that my labor is not in vain?’ “But,” he continues, “I myself was converted through means of a tract. The Lord has many ways to the hearts of men. I have continued to sow the good seed in this manner about thirty years, and I hope it will bear fruit to everlasting.”

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In a recent communication, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, writes, with great joy, that “God has abundantly blessed us here, and many sinners have lately been con-

ing life." His record gives account of an interesting seamen's meeting at the Sailors' Home, in November, at which a captain was present whom Mr. L. met years since, when he was in despair for his sins. "I testified (then) to him of Jesus and His unspeakable grace. He sank to the cross of Jesus and received peace. He offers praise and thanks to God, still, to-day, for His grace and mercy."

GEFLE.

Of the quarter's work ending with December, 1882, Mr. E. ERIKSSON says:—"I have labored in G., Oregrund and Osthamar, and on their coasts. The meetings have been well attended, and neither rainy or snowy weather have been able to prevent people coming to them. Some sinners have awakened from their sleep in sin. At Gefle, in November, preaching at evangelistic services was attended with such power that about a hundred souls professed conversion to Christ."

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

Nearing his eightieth year, JOHN LINDELIN pursues his round of labor according to the measure of his strength, in visitation of vessels and seamen's families, with personal effort among them, and the distribution of religious reading matter.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

The last communication from Mr. H. H. JOHNSON is dated January 2nd, 1883. Mr. J. was greatly afflicted during the last year by loss of health. It is now gradually returning, and he declares:—"I am satisfied the Lord has some poor sailors He will aid me to lead to him. It is very trying for me not to be at my post, but I do what I can, and when it pleases God to help me, I shall climb those old ships again, and tell those men about our blessed Jesus. Work among seamen is not altogether neglected, for several

kind Christians help me, even now. A young sailor who spent Christmas in Christiania came up to the Methodist Church in great trouble. A friend urged him to come (to me) and have a spiritual meeting with Jesus. He came twice, was wonderfully blessed, and testified with all his heart to the forgiveness of sins. Thank God for a saved one!"

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN AND VICINITY.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON's letter of January 1st, is of especial interest as a compact and graphic portrayal of results secured in 1882. He writes:—

"During the past year I have had abundant evidence and manifestation of a general spiritual work amongst the North European sailors. Thousands of seamen have worshipped in our Bethel ship: the truth plainly spoken, has been, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, a power to convict and convert those who were 'dead in trespasses and sins.' Many have asked, with penitent tears,—'Is there still mercy for me?' Some have, while stopping here a short while, found that the Lord who dwells in the high and holy place, dwells with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. Others have left us, who have been awakened to attend to their eternal welfare. General spiritual results have been, however, as much in the building up and in the strengthening of the brethren, of whom a large number have taken the opportunity to confess Christ to their shipmates. Some have sent letters to me telling how they get along in the Christian race.

Evangelical Alliance.

"On his return from Stockholm, where arrangements have been made for an international meeting from the 1st to the 8th of September, 1883, Mr. ARNOLD Cox, Secretary, preached on the 13th October in our Bethel ship from Psalm 23rd. His sermon was very instructive and encouraging.

At Korsor.

"On the 17th November, early in the morning, I went by train to Korsor to

visit our seamen's mission. I found that the sailors were very discouraged, as their herring fishing had failed entirely. I invited them to come together, at 8 o'clock that evening, and expounded the Scriptures to more than fifty. During the next forenoon I visited all the fishers' wives who together with their bright children suffer fully as much by the misfortune that is on them, as do the husbands. I could not give much time to each family, but spoke a few words pointing them to trust in Him who feedeth the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, and I invited the women to come together in the Mission at 4 o'clock. The fruit of my visits was that forty-three women met. They were in more need and distress than in any previous year, but they were willing to hear the Word and exercise faith and confidence in Him who said,—*'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'* In the evening at 8 o'clock I preached for the seamen again. There were as many as the mission room could hold. I believe there was a longing for holiness and a supreme and habitual desire after it. Next morning, I left Korsor, joyous over the prosperity of Zion.

Reformatory Movements.

In connection with other labors for seamen, Rev. Mr. W. refers to the following extract of a letter of his from C., printed in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for July, 1880:

"I am trying now, (some Christian gentlemen together with me) if possible, to get some alteration, by way of law, as to our sailor boarding houses. There is a gentleman in Parliament who has promised to introduce the statements on the matter, to consideration. I wish that you, together with all our friends, would pray that this alteration may be accomplished, for then a fountain of much evil to seamen will be closed."

He says:—"I know it will please the readers of the MAGAZINE to see what united prayers and efforts have now accomplished. A law enters into force here, this day, (January 1st, 1883,) that no boarding or public house shall be allowed to keep female waiters, no advances to seamen, or any seaman's wages can be paid in any public house, and severe control is to be so kept that all nameless vice is to be abandoned from these houses. This has been a source of unaccountable evil and destruction to sailors."

Aarhns, Jutland.

"Mr. MREUSSEN, proprietor of the Sailors' Mission in Aarhns, writes:—"We have during the past year had services every Sunday and Wednesday. We have room for one hundred seamen, and at times the room has been filled to overflowing." He adds:—"I do all to make the Mission attractive. I have a harmonium on which I play and sing. Then I tell the men of God's love to the human race, I teach no doctrine, for I know none, but I am constrained by the Lord whom I serve to preach the Gospel. The Y. M. C. A. have their gatherings here, I give them instruction in singing twice a week, and when we have no preaching or singing meetings I hold a prayer meeting. Our Mission here has rendered valuable services to seamen."

Elsingore.

"Mr. COULTHARD is in daily attendance, distributing tracts and giving invitations to the seamen to attend to the means of grace provided for them at the Mission.

Ships Visited—Hospital Work.

"I have, in Copenhagen, visited more than 2,000 ships from nine different nationalities, and have supplied sailors with religious reading in their own language. More than 400 Bible Bags have been sent out intrusted to seamen who have promised to make the best use of the books for themselves and shipmates. Hospitals and other institutions for seamen have been visited weekly, and I have rendered spiritual services to the sick and dying according to my best ability."

In 1882 Mr. F. L. RYMKER visited 1,103 vessels and seamen's boarding-houses. Here he sold 98 Bibles, 401 Testaments and 757 "portions" of Scripture. He also distributed 73,800 pages of tracts, and speaks with thanksgiving of the facilities afforded for influencing sick seamen for good, through hospital visitation.

Madeira Islands.

"Nearly every vessel," says Mr. G. W. SMART, missionary, "which entered the port from January 4th, to December 31st, 1882, has been visited personally, or had a parcel of religious reading sent aboard.

This includes men-of-war, mail steamers, cargo steamers and sailing vessels of all nationalities." The shipwrecked seamen of various nationalities landed at H. during this period were 148. A hundred sailors were induced to sign the pledge during the year, and many of them kept it firmly. Forty religious services were held on board ships in the Roads. Fifty thousand tracts in various languages were given away. The 'Strangers' and Sailors' Rest,' lately opened, has a three-fold object,—1st, to supply a resort to blue jackets and marines from men-of-war; 2nd, as a resort for second and third class emigrants, and 3rd, a home for shipwrecked sailors. The number of vessels in the port in 1882, was 818."

As illustrating the outrages practiced on sailors at the Islands, Mr. S. says in his report, speaking of the situation before the "Rest" was opened:—

"I have known as many as fifty-nine shipwrecked men on shore here, at one time. They used to go to a wine shop in the worst part of the town because it was the only place for them. I have witnessed scenes of riot there never to be forgotten. One case will suffice. A. D., a Norwegian sailor, saved all his clothes, a chest-full, from the wreck, but before he left the island he had sold every stitch of clothing for drink, to the guides, and had to borrow a pair of trousers and an old overcoat from a comrade in order to be able to live on shore.

"In regard to the way in which men-of-war's men are sometimes drugged, one case will suffice. B. P., a marine, had been on shore only a short time when I found him in one of the principal streets, on his back, insensible, and had him conveyed to an unoccupied room in my house where he slept soundly till next morning. The police were just going to lock him up, which if they had done he would have had to pay for it, in the morning."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., transmits his 42nd annual report as chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, at this important point. We can only sum-

marize it, premising that he says the year 1882 was one of the busiest of his busy life. He speaks of his labors under the headings:—*Regular Preaching in the Bethel,—Sabbath-School,—Gospel Temperance Meetings,—Sailors' Home,—The Friend,—Visiting Ships and Hospital,—Auxiliary Chinese Work,—Correspondence,—Auxiliary Educational Work, as Trustee of Oahu College.*

Briefly as to some of these:—The Bethel is not large but is a working church, and with its system of free seats, requires, as in all such cases, much exertion to keep it in efficient order. He notes, with great favor, help received in his pastorate, from the Y. M. C. A., who have just put up a building costing not less than \$20,000.

In the course of his report, illustrating the statement that much labor for seamen must be done in the hope that God's blessing will accompany the effort made and ultimately make itself visible,—the Dr. says:—

"Some weeks ago, Mr. DUNSCOMBE, keeper of the Sailors' Home, received a letter from a person residing in Alabama, from which I copy, thus:—

"I feel that I am acquainted with the best of friends, my God and my Lord. I am happy to inform you, that it was through the influence of Father DAMON and Rev. Mr. THOMPSON (of Hilo) that I tried to secure his friendship and love. Not but that I had heard my earthly father speak about His wondrous love in my childhood. I trust God has forgiven me, for the way I treated brother Thompson. O how wicked I was then! It makes me shudder, when I look back, and think how delighted I was in scoffing at God's Book and God's ministers."

"Years must have passed away since the writer of this letter visited Honolulu and Hilo. The former chaplain, at Hilo, may recall the writer, but I cannot. Perhaps, this incident, if ever read by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, now of Wilton, Conn., may recall events in his own life, when cruising on the far away waves of the broad Pacific, or under the shadow of the icebergs of Arctic seas, within the straits of 'Behrings'! It may also en-

courage him to think that he did not labor in vain, while preaching at the Islands.

Another Case.

"The following extract from another letter, dated,—Germany, April 18th, 1882, is of the same tenor as the foregoing:—

"I take pleasure, in informing you, that I was received with open arms. My faith is the same as when I left Honolulu, growing stronger in mind, from day to day. Thanks to you, to Mrs. D., and to Mr. F. W. D., for all the favors you have shown me. My respects to all members of the Bethel Union Church."

"The writer had been nearly twenty years away from the home of his youth, including four years in the civil war, and twice reported as dead. I could add much respecting his happy Christian experience.

Two Sea Captains and their Experiences.

"At our preparatory lecture, this week, an old ship master, from the whaling fleet, offered himself for admission to our church. He has led a life far from what it should have been. After relating his experience, he was followed by remarks from another old shipmate, who has long been a member of the Bethel Church. He stated, that when converted he was far away, upon the ocean. Returning home to ———, in Connecticut, he went to his home, and related to his father and mother, (both of whom were then estranged from God,) what great things God had done for his soul. This was followed by 'going down into the water,' and being baptized. The issue was, that six out of seven of his father's family became followers of Christ. Thus the converted sailor became a blessing to his father's family."

Wide Results for Good from Preaching to Seamen.

"Incidents of this are continually coming to my knowledge showing how God is working in a wonderful manner to bring home his chosen ones, and proving

in the most happy, convincing and satisfactory manner, *that the preaching of the Gospel to seamen and other labors in their behalf, are among the means which God is signally blessing to the salvation of souls and the great work of Redemption.*

Labors for the Chinese.

"In addition to my labors in preaching upon the Sabbath, visiting the hospital and the shipping, I have been coöperating with my son, Mr. F. W. DAMON, in Chinese work." The chaplain is full of enthusiasm, as heretofore, on this important subject, and declares that the evangelization of the Chinese on the islands is continually assuming a more important aspect. He writes:—

"In laboring for the Chinese I am not departing from my instructions to devote my services to seamen, for it is becoming more and more manifest that Chinese will become the sailors of the Pacific. They are on board all steamers crossing this ocean, acting as firemen and deckhands, while there are no others of any nationality who can compete with them as cooks and stewards. Hence they are to be found on board ships of war. Their sober and industrious habits commend them to all willing to employ quiet and well-behaved laborers and seamen. Not to work evangelically for them would seem to be the very height of absurdity.

"And I cannot here refrain from noting the fact that they are perfectly accessible to evangelistic labors. They respond to the preaching of the Gospel truth as do Anglo-Saxons. I am in a position where I can speak with confidence upon this topic. *In the near future, I am fully convinced, great accessions will be made to the church of God from among the Chinese, at home and abroad. Hence now is the season for prayer and labors in their behalf.*"

In closing his report Rev. Dr. Damon alludes to the death of Rev. TITUS COAN, full particulars of whose life and decease were printed in the last MAGAZINE. The following are extracts from a sermon preached by chaplain D., in the Honolulu Bethel, after the announcement of Dr. Coan's death, and relate to the latter's

Labors in Behalf of Seamen.

"Here I may appropriately allude to his efforts and labors, through a long course of years, in behalf of seamen. For many years he has been a most efficient seamen's chaplain. Assisted by the Rev. Mr. LYMAN, a chaplaincy was there sustained by their voluntary well-directed efforts, which for efficiency and usefulness equalled almost any chaplaincy in any other part of the world. Upon this subject I can speak with great freedom and assurance, for during the past forty years I have been in the most intimate correspondence with him upon this subject. I feel quite sure the spiritual interests of seamen attached to the whaling fleet and vessels of war could not have been more thoughtfully cared for if a chaplain had been sent out from America or England for this special field of labor, yet this extra service was discharged with the most hearty cheer and thoughtful consideration. I feel quite sure many

masters, officers and seamen will have good reason to bless God, to all eternity, that they touched at Hilo, in their long voyages, and came under the happy influence of the Rev. Mr. COAN and the other resident missionaries at that port."

We have before us the first number of the fortieth (annual) volume of *The Friend*, dated January 1st, 1883. It is full of life and strength and cheer, and we congratulate "Father" Damon on its two score years of usefulness.—On the same day, January 1st, '83, and for the first time at the Islands, a steamer was drawn out of the water for repairs, upon the new Marine Railway.—The 27th Annual Meeting of the Sailors' Home Society at Honolulu, was held December 30th, and a year of prosperity was reported.

At Ports In the United States.

Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.

The last annual report of the Bethel Society, signed by Miss FANNY G. BRAY, Secretary, reports the receipts for the year at \$410.13, which was expended as follows:—assistance to seamen, \$100; to seamen's widows, \$50; to Labrador Coast Mission, \$30; to AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, \$30; for five libraries, \$125; local distribution of reading matter, \$20; incidental expenses, \$2; leaving a balance in the treasury of \$53.13. There are 260 members of the Society, and among those deceased in 1882, was Mrs. HERVEY KIMBALL, long time President of the organization. Mr. LUNT has continued his labors on the Sabbath on board vessels in the port.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Among the recent letters handed us by Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, missionary, is one dated at St. Petersburg, Oct. 6th, 1882, from a seaman who went on the *Jean-*

nette in L't. DE LONG's ill-fated expedition. Mr. S. having given to this man, prior to his sailing, an invitation to prayer-meeting, as they met in a sailor's boarding house in this city,—the sailor was led at the meeting, to welcome Christ as his Savior.—Another letter coming to us through Mr. SLATER, is dated Cienfuegos, Cuba, 7th Nov. 1882. This is from the seaman whose testimony to his conversion was cited in the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1882, p. 341, and his words attest his continuing faith in and love for his soul's Redeemer.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

Captain W. J. POTTER has succeeded Rev. J. W. CRAIG, as chaplain and sailor missionary.—The Seamen's Friend Society held its thirteenth annual meeting Feb'y 6th. A change has been made in the superintendency of the Sailor's Home which is now under charge of Captain CHRISTENSEN. The receipts of the Society for the year were \$1,116.00. Mr. GEO.

R. FRENCH is President and G. R. FRENCH Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, for the current year.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

The fortieth anniversary of the Port Society was held Feb'y 4th, in Trinity M. E. Church. Chaplain WEBB presented his fourteenth annual report, to the effect that in the year he had visited 926 vessels, and had distributed reading matter in eleven different languages, chiefly in English, as follows:—43,123 pages of tracts, 763 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, 1,634 numbers of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, 1,683 religious papers, making of magazines and papers a total of 4,080. "I have also distributed," he continues, "108 copies of the word of God, mostly in foreign languages, and have preached 148 sermons and made 70 visits to the hospitals and jail.

"I could have distributed much more reading matter if I had been furnished with a larger amount, as the demand is always greater than the supply. I believe that books, papers and tracts are read more by seamen than by any class living on shore, for often at sea (when they have no access to daily papers as we have), in their watch below, they will pick up and read anything they can get hold of, hence it is very important that they should always find good, wholesome reading matter at hand. If it is the Lord's will that I continue in this work the coming year, I hope you will enable me to obtain all I need for this purpose. I am receiving every month from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY fifty copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE; and at other times hundreds of numbers of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND and LIFE BOAT, which they supply gratuitously. The manager of the *Christian Herald*, of New York, has also given me over a thousand numbers of his interesting paper for distribution. There is a great need for a good reading-room, well supplied with books and papers for the use of sailors. If we had one in a convenient place, it would go far toward keeping them out of bad company, and might be the means of leading many of them to the Savior. It should be a good sized room in which we could hold prayer meetings, gospel, temperance and service of song meetings. The wealth and prosperity of Savannah is largely derived

from its shipping, and we should see to it that the seamen who visit our port are well cared for; they should not have to say, 'No man cared for my soul' in Savannah.

"Our Bethel Mission Sabbath-school now numbers fifty scholars. I think it right to state that the school is carried on entirely without any aid from or expense to the Port Society. Mrs. Webb continues to superintend it, and desires to avail herself of this occasion to express her hearty thanks to her co-laborers in this work, and is glad to inform all interested that they are not without encouragement in their labor of love. Through the kind response to her appeals for pecuniary help, she has been enabled to give the scholars a picnic in the spring and a Christmas tree at Christmastide, when the Bethel was handsomely decorated with flags and the little people had a happy time."

The cash receipts of the year (with a small balance from the year before), were \$1,103.89; expenditures, \$1,052.67. Rev. Mr. CURR, of the M. E. church, preached the annual sermon. Mr. R. B. REPPARD is the Society's President.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

We have from chaplain J. D. JONES, the fourth annual report of the Directors of the Floating Bethel, made Jan'y 1st., 1883. During the year, the Gospel has been preached four times per week at the Bethel. Ninety-three hundred and sixty persons have attended the services, and 1,026 of them rose for prayers. Several have been converted to Christ, and the Report makes touching record of their experiences. There are 200 volumes in the Bethel Library, and over forty daily weekly and monthly papers in the reading room. To that Room there have been over 30,000 visitors during the twelve-month. Six hundred dollars was contributed to the year's work by those in attendance on the meetings and at the reading room. Over 130 men signed the temperance pledge. The cash receipts in 1882 were \$3,094.52; expenditures, \$3-274.05.

Sir Edward M. Archibald.

HIS RETIREMENT AS CONSUL GENERAL—
ACTION OF THE TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in view of the retirement of SIR EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, —for several years one of our honorary vice-presidents, —from the position of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General, resident at the port of New York, esteem it a privilege to express in this way their sense of his personal worth, and attest to the conspicuous success which has attended the administration of his recently terminated consulship. There are relations growing out of the official position he has so usefully occupied that have demanded the exercise of great practical wisdom on the part of Her Majesty's commercial representative, often imposing upon him duties of a paternal nature, and sometimes calling for that philanthropy which has its supreme constraint in the Divine compassion and benevolence.

It has been particularly in the discharge of this last class of duties, such as concern the guardianship, the protection, the personal comfort and welfare of the common sailor, the various relief of the shipwrecked and destitute suffering sons of the ocean, who were countrymen with him, that we have had occasion to know of the earnest sympathy and responsive, substantial kindness of Her Majesty's representative.

We are consequently most happy to express in this way our high appreciation of the invaluable services he has been constantly rendering while resident among us, manifestly actuated by motives of the purest and noblest kind.

In recording as we do, our regret at SIR EDWARD'S retirement, we tender him our best wishes for his health and happiness; at the same time assuring him of our confidence that he will ever be cherished as having discharged the trust committed to him in a way that has merited the distinguishing honor with which his

government has signalized his faithful and successful career.

Resolved, that a copy of this minute, properly authenticated, be transmitted to the retiring Consul General.

Signed,

R. P. BUCK, *President*,
SAM'L H. HALL, *Sec'y*,
WM. C. STURGES, *Treas.*

REPLY.

NEW YORK, January 30th, 1883.

Dear Sir:—I have received, with great satisfaction, the copy of the minute of the Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in reference to my retirement from the position of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General at New York, expressing their sense of the manner in which I have discharged my official duties, especially in regard to the protection and relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen. I beg you will be so good as to convey to the Trustees of the Society, and accept for yourself, my warm thanks for the gratifying manner in which they have expressed their appreciation of my official conduct. Accept, also, the assurance that it will always afford me great pleasure to coöperate in any manner with the Trustees and officers, in promoting the prosperity and usefulness of so admirable an institution as the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

E. M. ARCHIBALD.

To the Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D.,

Secretary.

Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Chaplain JONES reports that during the year 1882, seventy inmates died, of whom 54 were professed Protestants, and 13 Catholics. Of the whole number 30 died in hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. Of these eleven were converted after entering the Institution. As

to their nationality, 35 were born in the United States, 6 in England, 13 in Ireland, 7 in Germany, 2 in Denmark, and 1 each in Wales, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Finland, Nova Scotia and Portugal. Their united ages were 4,488, or an average of 63 years, 3 months and 11 days each. One died at the age of 90, 5 between 80 and 90, 19 between 70 and 80, 27 between 60 and 70, 6 between 50 and 60, 9 between 40 and 50, and 3 between 30 and 40.

January 2nd, John Burke, 54 years, Massachusetts; Jan. 10th, John Ray, 60, England; Jan. 16th, Sam'l H. Holbrook, 63, Maine; Jan. 19th, Frank Smith, 38, Ireland; Jan. 20th, Albert E. Wycoff, 43, New York City; Jan. 20th, Wm. Johnson, 71, Virginia; Jan. 21st, Sam'l Graham, 71, Ireland; Jan. 29th, George Creighton, 57, England; Jan. 30th, Presley Wilson, 71, Virginia, (colored); Feb. 1st, Frank Evans, 66, Norway; Feb. 4th, John Boyce, 63, Ireland; Feb. 25th, David M. James, 75, New York City; March 6th, Henry West, 70, England; March 12th, Lewis Parker, 61, Germany; March 12th, Peter Kean, 73, Ireland; March 19th, Robert Sale, 56, Virginia; March 19th, William Cuthbert, 68, Ireland; March 22nd, John Williams, 72, Portugal; March 25th, Robert Hurley, 72, Baltimore; April 16th, John Crepy, 41, Ireland; April 17th, John R. Dickerson, 54, New York City; April 19th, Dederick Vose, 38, Germany; April 24th, Thos. Williams, 62, Finland; April 28th, Chas. West, 52, Massachusetts; May 18th, Jos H. Wade, 70, Maine; May 19th, Thomas Griffiths, 53, England; May 23rd, Henry Wagner, 47 Germany; May 23rd, John Lynch, 74 Ireland; May 24th, Edward Monroe, 41, New York City; May 30th, John J. Hudson, 81, Delaware; May 31st, Hugh Haneway, 77, Ireland; June 5th, Chas. Peterson, 63, Germany; June 13th, Wm. Cornish, 61, Maine; June 15th, Jno. Nelson Powless, 63, New York City; June 16th, C. L. Milliken, 62, Maine; June 18th, John Welch, 70, Ireland; June 18th, Thos. Marks, 63, Ireland; July 1st, Aug. Castine, 73, Denmark; July 4th, Andrew Jackson, 65, Louisiana; July 24th, W. G. Webber, 60, Maine; July 30th, Sam'l Whiting, 66, New York; Aug. 6th, Arch. J. Wilson, 46, Virginia; Aug. 12th, Edward Hymen, colored, 65, North Carolina; Aug. 16th, Geo. M. Hatch, 76, Maine; Aug. 16th, C. F. W. Behm, 69 Germany; Aug. 18th, John Parrott, 90, Wales; Aug. 29th, Wm. Grimes, 61, Ireland; Sept. 1st, John Ross, 84, Ohio; Sept. 2nd, John McCarthy, 49, Ireland; Sept. 14th, Edward Bertram, 45, Germany; Sept. 18th, Peter Anderson, 68, Russia; Sept. 17th, John

Cruise, 62, Germany; Sept. 20th, Peter Oster, 68, Denmark; Sept. 25th, John Porter, 65, Massachusetts; Sept. 26th, Ashall Burroughs, 80, Connecticut; Oct. 4th, Chas. Rose, 40, Sweden; Oct. 3rd, D. W. Eldridge, 82, Connecticut; Oct. 7th, Stephen H. Rice, 37, Maine; Oct. 16th, John Hickey, 65, Ireland; Oct. 19th, Chas. G. Hallock, 46, New York; Oct. 24th, John Whitney, 69, Maryland; Oct. 30th, Horatio Parker, 76, England; Nov. 10th, John Bailey, 83, Maryland; Nov. 18th, John D. Burrows, 75, Connecticut; Nov. 29th, Thos. Foy, 61, Pennsylvania; Dec. 2nd, C. C. Green, 72, Massachusetts; Dec. 15th, Chas. Winters, 60, New York; Dec. 21st, Thos. N. Campbell, 63, Nova Scotia; Dec. 27th, Louis Lee, (colored), 71, Virginia; Dec. 31st, James B. Fill, 70, England.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	157
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,540
of which \$199 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$320 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and	
\$1,061 was returned to depositors.	

Planets for March, 1883.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is at its greatest elongation at noon on the 3rd, being then 27° 10' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 6th when it rises at 5h. 22m., and south of east 21° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 50m., being 6° 18' south; is in conjunction with Mars at noon on the 17th, being 57' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 17m., and south of east 25° 38'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 5th at 4h. 37m., being 3° 13' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 54m., and south of east 21° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 2h. 55m., being 6° 26' south.

JUPITER on the evening of the 1st is due south at 6h. 46m., being 23° 2' north of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 13th and after this is considered as an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon at 50m. before noon on the 15th, being 3° 12' north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 11h. 35m. and north of west $21^{\circ} 11'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 13th at 6h. 8m., being $1^{\circ} 9'$ south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, January, 1883.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 38, of which 23 were wrecked, 9 abandoned, 4 sunk by collision, and 2 missing. The list comprises 4 steamers, 1 ship, 11 barks, 4 brigs and 15 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *m* missing, and *sc* sunk by collision.

STEAMERS.

City of Brussels, *s c.* from New York for Liverpool.

James A. Gary, *w.* from New Orleans for Vera Cruz.

Cimbria, *s. c.* from Hamburg for New York.

Picardie, *a.* from New York for Havre.

SHIP.

Pride of the Ocean, *w.* from Hamburg for New York.

BARKS.

Sorpresso, *w.* from Pensacola for Vera Cruz.
Friedericke, *w.* from Konigsberg for Portland, Me.

Norton Stover, *a.* from Portland, Me., for Paysandu.

Skeryvore, *a.* from Havana for Boston.
Veronica Madre, *w.* from Pensacola for Aspinwall.

Perseveranza, *w.* from Pensacola for Greenock.
Lindland, *a.* from Dunkirk for Charleston.

Star of Hope, *w.* from Wilmington, N. C., for Liverpool.

Atlantic, *w.* from Liverpool for Wilmgt'n, N. C.
Pauline Sibbern, *a.* from Pensacola for Havana.
John Shepard, *w.* from Mobile for Port Spain.

BRIGS.

Henry T. Wing, *w.* from Havana for Puerto del Padre.

Mary Knowlton, *w.* from New York for Vera Cruz.

Sarah B., *a.* from Dieppe for Philadelphia.
Zerlina, *w.* from New York for Oporto.

Mariposa, *s. c.* from New York for Boston.
Klivas, *w.* from Liverpool for St. Mary's, Ga.

Vernon, *w.* from Cedar Keys for Boston.

SCHOONERS.

Wm. A. Levering, *a.* from New York for Fernandina.

Boston, *w.* for Philadelphia.

Theresa G., *w.* Shieldsbro, M., for Vera Cruz.
Thomas J. Martin, *w.* from Charleston for New York.

Wyoming, *w.* from St. Domingo for New York.
Sallie W. Kay, *w.* from Baltimore for Boston.

Java, *w.* from Pensacola for Havana.

Edna Harwood, *a.* from Charleston for New York.

Julia Grace, *w.* from Bonaire for New York.
Elizabeth M. Buehler, *w.* from Baltimore for New York.

Julia Seiden, *w.* from Elizabeth City, N. C., for Georgetown, S. C.

Sophia Hansen, *w.* from Anguilla for New York.
Ramon de Aquiria, *a.* from Baltimore for Cardenas.

H. W. Foster, *w.* from Boston for Norfolk.
Eugene, *s. c.* from New York for Charleston.

Receipts for January, 1883.

MAINE.

Bangor, John H. Kerr.....	\$ 1 00
Bucksport, Miss L. S. Barnard.....	5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. church.....	3 71
Concord, South church.....	14 03
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone.....	2 00
Hollis, Cong. church.....	3 00
Marlboro, Cong. church.....	10 00
Milford, Cong. church.....	6 79
South Ware, Cong. church.....	5 00
Tilton, Rev. F. T. Perkins.....	1 00

VERMONT.

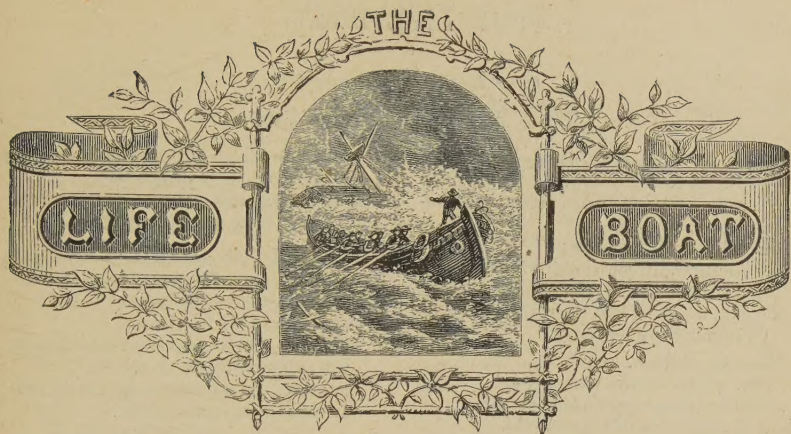
Springfield, Adna Brown.....	5 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church.....	12 50
Amherst, 2nd ch. S. S., for library....	20 00
L. S. Nash.....	1 00
Andover, Free ch., to const. Rev. F. B. Makepeace, L. M.....	32 79
Ashby, Cong. church.....	10 82
Beverly, Dane St. ch., of wh. \$40 for libraries.....	60 00
A Friend.....	2 45
A Friend.....	1 00
Boston, bark <i>Hattie Baker</i> , Capt. Thompson.....	1 00
Cambridge, Lillian Horsford, for lib'y	20 00
Charlton, W. C. Fiske.....	1 00
Chicopee, Miss S. J. Sherman.....	1 00
Dalton, James B. Crane.....	100 00
East Bridgewater, Z. Hatch.....	3 00
East Orleans, Miss S. Sparrow.....	1 00
Enfield, Cong. church.....	9 86
Falmouth, Mrs. W. N. Bourne.....	5 00
Fitchburg, Rev. J. M. R. Eaton, in full, to const. Geo. M. Eaton, L. M.....	5 00
Framingham, Plymouth church....	5 00
Gloucester, Evang. church, in full, to const. James S. Seaver, L. M.....	26 00
Greenfield, Rev. W. Newell.....	1 00
Hadley, Mrs. Geo. Dickinson.....	1 00
Hawley, a Friend.....	1 00
Haverhill, West church.....	5 00
Huntington, Amanda S. Browne.....	1 00
Lexington, Hancock church.....	17 64
Lowell, 1st ch., of wh. \$30 to const. Daniel A. Eaton, L. M.....	45 93
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	6 13
Marlboro, Cong. church.....	26 27
Medford, McCollum Miss'n Circle, for library.....	20 00
Millbury, Cong. church.....	12 00
Milford, Cong. church.....	35 33
Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, for libraries.....	40 00
North Andover, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib..	35 00

Northfield, Cong. church.....	9 00	Brooklyn, Miss E. A. Preswick's	
Oxford, Cong. S. S.....	16 67	School, for lib'y, to be called the	
Palmer, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00	"Garfield Library".....	20 00
Phillipston, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. church.....	8 13
Pittsfield, James H. Dunham.....	100 00	Harlem, Dutch Ref. ch. S. S., for lib.	20 00
Royalston, Mrs. Candace Bullock.....	20 00	Homer, Cong. church.....	12 49
Salem, bequest of John Bertram, de-		New York City, Jonas Marsh Libbey,	
ceased, of Salem, Mass., through		for libraries.....	140 00
James B. Curwen and David P.		S. T. Gordon.....	50 00
Kimball, Ex's.....	5,000 00	H. A. Hurlbut.....	50 00
Spencer, Cong. church.....	63 70	Miss'n S. S., 54th St. and 7th Ave.,	
Springfield, Mem'l ch., of wh. to const.		for libraries.....	40 00
Miss Annie Cooper, L. M., \$30....	42 00	Howard Potter, for lib's in memory	
1st Church.....	27 94	of L. H. P. and H. H. P.....	40 00
P. A. Eldridge, for library.....	20 00	Win. Oothout.....	20 00
South church.....	14 86	J. S. Holt.....	10 00
South Attleboro, Cong. church.....	1 33	Parker Handy.....	5 00
Thorndike, Cong. church.....	2 19	M. C. D. Borden.....	5 00
Wakefield, Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for		James Cassidy.....	2 00
library.....	42 43	Ontario, James Whittleton, Sen.....	2 00
Webster, Cong. church.....	12 35	Poughkeepsie, Friends.....	50 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	6 50	Saugerties, Maria A. Kiersted.....	20 00
West Brookfield, Cong. church.....	10 00	Southampton, P. Coucer.....	1 00
West Springfield, Park St. ch., for		Tarrytown, Capt. Edward B. Cobb, of	
library.....	25 00	wh. for lib'y as a mem'l of Capt.	
2nd church.....	5 93	Geo. S. Brewster, of Stonington,	
Worcester, Central church.....	23 60	Conn., \$20, and \$30 to const. Rev.	
Yarmouth, Cong. church.....	40 00	Sanford H. Cobb, L. M.....	50 00
RHODE ISLAND.		NEW JERSEY.	
Little Compton.....	8 50	Blairstown, C. E. Vail, for library....	20 00
Newport, Mrs. A. L. Case, for lib'y....	20 00	Englewood, Pres. ch., of wh. \$20 for	
CONNECTICUT.		lib'y in name of Mrs. Mary A.	
Branford, Cong. church.....	6 10	Sage, and \$20 from Mrs. James O.	
Bristol, Cong. ch. S. S., for library....	20 00	Morse, for library.....	310 88
Broad Brook, Cong. church.....	9 30	Franklin Park, Peter Cortelyou, to	
Danbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	20 00	const. himself L. D.....	100 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	42 64	Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	8 68
Greenville, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y....	20 00	Newfield, Rev. Charles Willey.....	5 00
Green's Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y....	27 74	Orange, Mr. L. P. Stone.....	50 00
Greenwich, a Friend.....	5 00	Orange Valley, Mr. Wm. P. Vail....	4 00
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	6 00	Plainfield, Mrs. Harry B. Kaufman,	
Hartford, Asylum Hill, Cong. ch., of		for lib'y, as a mem'l of Mr. Harry	
wh. S. S., for library, \$20.....	232 61	B. Kaufman.....	20 00
Mary C. Bemis.....	15 00	PENNSYLVANIA.	
Lebanon, Wm. Huntington.....	1 00	Harrisburg, Primary department of	
Lyne, 1st Cong. church.....	21 00	the Market Square Pres. ch. S. S.,	
Milford, 1st Cong. church.....	27 99	for library.....	20 00
New Britain, special contribution of		Williamsport, William Sterling.....	2 00
a member of South Cong. ch.....	5 00	MARYLAND.	
New Haven, R. S. Fellowes.....	30 00	Baltimore, Rev. John S. Jones, for	
O. A. Dorman, for library.....	20 00	library.....	25 00
Lyman Osbon.....	5 00	TEXAS.	
Northford, Cong. church.....	6 15	Galveston, from Friends, through	
North Haven, William Cooper.....	2 00	Rev. H. P. Young.....	7 50
North Woodstock, Cong. church.....	5 00	OHIO.	
Norwalk, 1st Cong. church.....	76 47	Dayton, 1st Pres. church.....	14 65
Norwich, Primary Department of the		IOWA.	
Broadway Cong. S. S. for library....	20 00	Lewis, Rev. Charles Little.....	3 00
Redding, W. J. Jennings.....	5 00	WISCONSIN.	
Sharon, Mrs. A. M. E. Cowles.....	2 00	Ripon, Cong. church.....	11 10
Somerville, Cong. church.....	22 71	PORTO RICO.	
Thomaston, Alexander Morton, to as-		Arroyo, Mrs. Susan W. Lind.....	10 00
sist destitute seamen.....	5 00		
Cong. church.....	23 38		
Wapping, Cong. church.....	1 12		
Waterbury, Eben Hoadley.....	1 00		
West Hartford, L. C. Hyde.....	1 00		
Wilton, Cong. church.....	4 00		
Windsor, Cong. church.....	25 00		
Wolcott Cong. church.....	3 60		
Woodbury, Mrs. E. L. Curtiss.....	10 00		
NEW YORK.			
Aurora, Pres. ch. S. S., for library....	20 00		

\$8,079 49



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Mid-Winter Heavens.

Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations? Perhaps some of you would like a little help in doing this;—so I will try to direct you.

Taurus, the Bull, is now, on clear evenings, to be seen plunging head foremost at Orion, in the southeast. You understand, of course, that the *shapes* of the constellations,—the Bull, Orion, Auriga, the Wagoner with the Goat in his arms, the Twins, the Dogs, large and small, and all the rest of them,—are but imaginary. The ancients invented them, and for convenience we use their names.

The Pleiades, or the seven sisters, are in the shoulders of Taurus; and on a line with these stars, which you can easily find, is Aldebaran, in the Hyades, in the head of Taurus. Aldebaran, a splendid star of the first magnitude, is the eye of Taurus. The next very bright star you come to, looking toward the southeast, is Bellatrix, in Orion's shoulder. Straight across his breast, in his eastern shoulder, blazes Betelgeuse, the beautiful. Below you see his starry belt, and below that, in his lifted foot, Rigel, another star of the first magnitude.

Now strike a line in a southeasterly direction, and you hit Sirius, "the king of suns," in the nose of Canis Major, the greater dog. How glorious are his beams! Now another line, leaning northeast, and you come to Procyon, in Canis Minor, the lesser dog. This also is a star of the first magnitude, as is Capella, far in the northwest, looking from Procyon. Capella is in the side of the Goat, which is held in the arm of the Wagoner. Between Capella and Procyon, about the middle of a line curving northward, are the Twins, Castor and Pollux, or Apollo and Hercules. The two bright stars, always at the same distance from each other, are in them. In the north is the Great Bear, or Dipper, always pointing to the Polar Star. In the Pleiades, one star—Alcyone—is said by astronomers to be "the hinge of the universe." Is it heaven?

At this time of year you will always see all the above-named stars in the places they now occupy. Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn now add greatly to the splendor of the evening heavens. Venus, queen of beauty, will soon be evening star. The more you study the heavens, young friends, and become acquainted with the stars, the less will you be influenced by small and base thoughts, and the more likely will you be to revere and worship Him who made the hosts of heaven, who orders their sublime march, and who calleth them all by their names.—*New York Evangelist*.

From The Youth's Companion.

The Desert Captive.

Come back, O magical evenings,
Of Decembers long ago:
When the north wind moaned at the win-
dows,
Herald of drifting snow;
But within the great logs glowing
And the chimney's ruddy blaze
Made all the room like the rosy fall
Of summer's fairest days.

There, in a joyous circle,—
Five girls and boys were we,—
About our grandame's chair we sat
And listened to tales of the sea.
For she had come from Portsmouth town,
And her brothers were sailors tall;
She knew the lore of the fisher folk,
And every beach-bird's call.

And could tell us of storm, and wrath, and
wreck,
And ships becalmed on the line,
And sunny lands whence captains brought
Olives and figs and wine,—
Till our eyes were wild with wonder,
And Robert would softly say,
“Now the story of our great-uncle
The pirates carried away.”

“Yes,” she would sigh, “it was William,
The last of my brothers three;
Slender and straight as a light-house tower,
And strong and brave was he.
Our mother wept when he sang of the
waves,
And to hold him close was fain;
But he was a sailor born and bent
To roam the boundless main

“So he shipped on a gallant vessel,
The *Cadiz*, fleet and stout.
And the gray March day she bore away
The wildest winds were out.
But he laughed at the gale and the gloomy
sky
As he saw her sails unfurl,
And said he would bring me corals bright
And our mother a brooch of pearl.

“Dear noble lad! I can see him yet
As he stood at the mainmast's side,
When the *Cadiz* down the river went
With the wind and the ebbing tide.
He waved the cap as she passed the forts
And turned to her distant shore:—
Alas! nor lad nor gallant prow
Came up the river more!

“Ah, well;—with loving, lonely hearts
We followed his foaming track,
Looking aye to the golden morn
That should bring our darling back;—

When with winter we heard the awful news,
From a barque in Boston bay,
That the Algerines had the *Cadiz* seized,
And her crew were slaves of the Dey!

“*But he lives!*” said his stricken mother;
“*He lives!* and may come in peace!”
And as one who would not be denied
She prayed for his release;
While slow the seasons went their round
Till thrice 'twas March and May,
And thrice the ships from the Indian Isles
In the harbor anchored lay.

“Oh, happy for her she could not see
Her boy on the burning plain,
Scorn of the caravan southward bound
For a Moorish master's gain;—
Through torrid noons and chilly nights
Till that day of horror fell
When a cloud came rolling up from the
waste
With a billow's surge and swell,
And the dread simoom swept over their
path
A league from Tislah's well!

“In flaming gusts, all fitfully,
The blast of the desert blew;
And the air grew heavy and hot and still
As the darkness closer drew.
They fled before its scorching breath;
They crouched in trembling bands;
But it shut them in like a pall of fire,
Outspread by demon hands;—
And when it passed, that kneeling host
Lay lifeless on the sand.

“And hark! That eve his mother heard
By the door the whip-poor-will's cry;
And, at midnight, the death-watch beating
In the wall, her pillow by;
And the howl of the dog her sailor lad
Left to her faithful care,
As the wan noon sank before the dawn,
Ring through the startled air;
And dreamed the cherry tree's withered
bough
Was white with its early bloom;—
Then she knew in that drear and cruel land
Her boy had found his tomb!

“Next morning a herd on plunder bent,
Roaming the desert wide,
Saw the lone dead, and their treasure bore
To the far Timbuctoo's side;
And told in many an Arab tent
Of the fair-haired Christian slave
Who nearest of all to the well had pressed
When the fierce wind heaped his grave.

"Nay, children, do not grieve so!
 The angels could look down
 On still Sahara's burning plain,
 As on our Portsmouth town;
 And he and his gentle mother,
 Denied one burial sod,
 This many a year have together dwelt
 'In the paradise of God?'"

Come back, O magical evenings,
 Of Decembers long ago!
 When the north wind moaned at the win-
 dows,
 Herald of drifting snow;
 But, warm in the rosy firelight,
 We sat at our grandame's knee,
 And listened with love and wonder
 To stories of over sea.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Keep the Soul on Top.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say,—

"Thank you, little master." Dropping his paper, he said,—

"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'" The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said,—

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me, if I tell you, papa."

"Well, *you* have just laughed; and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I wont make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun *with* you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school

about eating, and I thought that one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run up into our brains, and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and don't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about *keeping the soul on top*. That wasn't just the word, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:—

"Weren't those the words, '*I keep my body under*'?"

"O, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. *Keep your soul on top*, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

Bertie put on his coat and cap, and went away to school. His father took up the apple he had left behind on the table, and put it in his pocket. On his way home late in the afternoon, he called at Miss McLaren's boarding-house. He gave her the apple, and told her all that Bertie had said.

She could not eat that apple. She wrapped it in rose-colored tissue-paper, and laid it in the drawer where she kept her dainty laces and nicest things. She had worked hard in school that day, and was very tired. At night, when her head was resting on its pillow, the moon looked in through the window, and saw tears of joy dropping on it from a sweet face.—
Well Spring.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1883, fifty-seven loan libraries, twenty-eight new and twenty-nine reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,647-7,663, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,815-7,824, and 7,826, at Boston.

The twenty-nine libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,094,	No. 4,881,	No. 5,493,	No. 6,048,	No. 6,375,	No. 6,665,	No. 6,923,	No. 7,281.
" 4,646,	" 4,914,	" 5,546,	" 6,116,	" 6,380,	" 6,697,	" 7,110,	
" 4,859,	" 4,967,	" 5,975,	" 6,273,	" 6,571,	" 6,849,	" 7,155,	
" 4,867,	" 5,363,	" 6,034,	" 6,371,	" 6,638,	" 6,883,	" 7,225,	

"The Heathen Have Beat."

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now, said he, 'I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some for a long while.'"

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O, yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again and soon reached the door of the candy-store, and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:—

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say,—'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying,—'O I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary-box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Missionary Echoes.*

"I SEND OUT my children to their daily tasks, surrounded by the hallowed breath of prayer," said a Christian father. So doing he aided them in the struggle against evil. "If my children get angry with each other," said another, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn or song; its soothing effect is magical, they forget their little quarrels and go kindly to their sports again."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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